DEDICATED TO THE GLORIOUS SIXTY-FIVE.

A

Grand Solemn Dirge,

IN THE

HIGH BURLESQUE TRAGI-COMIC TASTE,

Performed at the FUNERAL of

OLD ENGLISH LIBERTY.

(Price Sixpence.)

A

Grand Solemn Dirge,

FOR THE

RICH BURLESQUE TRAGI-COMIC TASTE.

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A

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IN THE

High Burleſque Tragi-comic Taſte,

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OF

OLD ENGLISH LIBERTY,

On the SAME DAY as

The Definitive Treaty of Peace

WAS SIGNED BETWIXT

France, Spain, and *Great-Britain.*

By H. HOWARD.

LONDON:
Printed for the AUTHOR, and Sold by J. WILLIAMS, oppoſite *St. Dunſtan's* Church, *Fleet-Street.* MDCCLXIII.

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Grand Solemn Dirge,

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34-11

A

GRAND SOLEMN DIRGE,

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High Burleſque Tragi-comic Taſte.

First Recitative.

By Mr. Bawldon, *To the Bladder and String.*

HENCEFORTH no *Engliſh* Brow ſhall ſmile,
She's gone! --- The Darling of our Iſle!
Struck to the Heart;
With Grief and Smart;
Woe! Woe!
Ah! Oh!
Weep, wail!
Cry, rail!
Rave, ſwear,
Stamp, ſtare!
Nothing remains, but black Deſpair!

AIR.

By Mr. Black-Beard, *the* Black-*Smith, To the Anvil and Hammer.*

(Tune, *By the Side of a great Kitchen Fire.*)

When the Tax on the Porter was laid,
I thought they had ſomething in View
Some Scheme on our Strength and our Trade,
For ſince I've had nothing to do;
Each Night I could call for my Quart,
For *Thrums* have a Tankard of Porter,
But the *Halfpenny* breaks my poor Heart,
And the Beer is no better than Water.

DUETTA.

By Miſs Rent *and Miſs* Shriller, (Two Milk Girls)

To the Rattling of their Pails.

(Tune, *The Attic Fire.*)

Come all ye brave that fought and bled,
Your darling Liberty is dead,
By cruel Hands ſhe fell;
The lovely Fair, alas! no more
Shall ſmile on poor *Britannia*'s Shore;---
O Grief too great to tell!

RE-

RECITATIVE.

By Mr. Wasp, *Stinger and Singer, To the* Drone *of a Bagpipe.*

Pox take 'em, for their damn'd Ill-nature,
I'll *ſting* 'em home, with *ſtinging* Satire.

AIR, (*Accompanied with the Tongs and Fire-Shovel.*)

(Tune, *Britons, ſtrike home.*)

Britons, ſneak home,
Sneak home,
Sneak home,
Your Liberty's gone,
Hark! Hark to her Knell!
Hark! Hark to her Knell! *Da Capo.*
Ding, Dong, Bell.

DUETTA.

By Meſſrs. Savage *and* Mad-Ox, *Butchers, To the Marrow-bones and Cleavers.*

(Tune, *As I was a driving my Waggon one Day.*)

The Devil take all their damn'd ſcheming, I ſay,
They've murder'd poor Liberty — Rot 'em, I pray;
They *butcher'd* her vilely, and *maugled* her ſore,
And made themſelves drunk with the poor Creature's Gore.

CHORUS.

Ah, poor Liberty! Old *Engliſh* Liberty!
Genius of *England*, adieu!

RECITATIVE and AIR.

By Mr. Shampleſs, *the Trunk-Maker, To the Rumbling of Carts, Coaches, and Broad-wheel Waggons.*

Oh! I could tear their Houſes down;
Aye that I would for Half a Crown;
I'd make 'em ſtart, and ſtare, and wonder,
To hear my *Stentorific* Thunder!

AIR.

(Tune, *Cover me with Ice and Snow.*)

Ah it is a fatal Blow,
And a diſmal Overthrow;
Never was a Scene of Woe,
Like what we undergo.

DUETTA.

By Mr. Shagger, *and Miſs* Put-here, *Quariſts.*
(*Accompanied by the Hurdy-Gurdy.*)

(Tune, *In Infancy our Hopes*, &c.)

When fair Succeſs began to ſmile,
And ſpread her cheating Rays;
Each Hero valu'd not the Spoil,
But fought in Hopes of Bays:
Yet Victory was all in vain,
('Twas juſt like Childrens' Play)
The S—*ſh* Friends of *France* and *Spain*,
Have giv'n it all away.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

By Mr. Low, *the* High-*wayman.* *

(*Accompanied with the Clinking of Fetters.*)

Shall Villains kill or rob in State,
And ſordid ſeek their Country's Fate,
Becauſe forſooth they're rich and great?
While ſuch as I are hang'd in Air,
For *only* putting Folks in Fear!

AIR.

(Tune, *Since Laws were made for ev'ry Degree.*

If Raſcals were puniſh'd of ev'ry Degree,
For robbing their Country, or taking a Fee,
What a Heap of *S----h* Faces we daily ſhould ſee,
Under *Tyburn* Tree?
But *Favour* can take out the Stain from a Coat,
E'en the Blood of a King who was ſold for a Groat;
For *that* they will ſay was a trifling Fault;---
But d----n their Plea.

* *Macheath.*

RECITATIVE.

By Mrs. Vixen-*t*, (*Termagant.*)

To the Clack of a Mill.

Like to the Clack of this ſame Mill,
They ne'er ſhall make my Tongue lye ſtill;
May Rage and Clamour never ceaſe
To make a *Noiſe* about the *Peace.*

AIR.

(Tune, *Harveſt-Home.*)

Come *Nelly* and *Moll*,
Come *Suſan* and *Doll*,
Each Termagant raiſe up your Voice:
Let us rave, let us ſquall,
Let us bellow and bawl,
And make a moſt damnable Noiſe.

CHORUS.

No *Peace* ſhall there be,
For them nor for me,
So let's have a *damnable Noiſe!*
Damnable Noiſe!
Damnable Noiſe!
So let's have a *damnable Noiſe!*

RECITATIVE.

By Mr. Quaker, *the ſinging* Baker, *and Mr.* Legg-*it.*

By all the Gods I'll make 'em *ſhake!*
Their Lips to *quaver* and to *quake!*
I'll ſhew myſelf a Subject true:
Ha, Maſter *Legg*-it, What ſay you?

Mr. Legg-it.

As long as I've a *Leg* to ſtand on,
I never will the Cauſe abandon.

AMBO.

(Tune, *With Swords on their Thighs.*)

To Liberty raiſe up the high chearful Strain,
We ne'er can forget, tho' we can't her regain,
How charming ſhe look'd with her Shield and her Spear!
A Friend to the Stranger, a Stranger to Fear.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

RECITATIVE and AIR.

By Miſs Cat-*ly, and Miſs* Squallam.
(*Accompanied by the* Cat-Organ,)

Ye *catter mauling Tribe* each Night,
Diſturb their Slumber, wake 'em quite:
Your *Baſe* and *Treble* Pipes prepare,
And harrow up their Souls with Fear.

AIR.

(Tune, *Mingotti's Minuet.*)

Strait with bawling!
Squealing, ſqualling!
Ne'er your helliſh Muſic ceaſe:
With eternal
Strains infernal!
Tell 'em they ſhall have no *Peace.*

Da Capo.

GRAND CHORUS, *accompanied by the whole Band.*

No *Peace* ſhall there be,
For them nor for me,
So let's have a damnable Noiſe:
Damnable Noiſe!
Damnable Noiſe!
So let's have a damnable Noiſe.

Da Capo.

FINIS.